God ſaue King *Harry* vnkingd *Richard* ſaies,
And ſend him many yeeres of Sun-ſhines daies.
What more remaines?

North. No more, but that you read
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grieuous crimes,
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the ſtate and profite of this Land;
That by confeſſing them, the ſoules of men
May deeme that you are worthily depoſde.

Rich. Muſt I doe ſo? and muſt I rauell out
My Weaud vp Folly, gentle *Northumberland*?
If thy offences were vpon record,
Would it not ſhame thee in ſo faire a troope,
To read a lecture of them, if thou wouldſt,
There ſhouldſt thou find one hainous Article,
Containing the depoſing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an Oath,
Markt with a blot, damd in the booke of heauen:
Nay of you that ſtand and looke vpon,
Whilſt that my wretchednеſſe doth bate my ſelfe;
Though ſome of you (with *Pilate*) waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie, yet you Pilates,
Haue heere deliuered me to my ſowre Croſſe,
And water cannot waſh away your ſinne.

North. My Lord diſpatch, read ore theſe Articles.

Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot ſee;
And yet ſalt water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of Traitors here:
Nay, if I turne mine eies vpon my ſelfe,
I find my ſelfe a Traitor with the reſt;
For I haue giuen here my ſoules conſent
To vndecke the pompous body of a King;
Made glorie bace, and Soueraigntie a ſlaue;
Proud Maieſtie a ſubiect, State a peaſant.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught inſulting man,
Nor no mans Lord; I haue no name, no title,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY